Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1: Walking into a trap

Chapter 1: Walking into a trap

A breeze blew through the medicine den entrance. Jaypaw curled up tighter in his nest as the cold pierced his fur. On the other side of the den, Leafpool was asleep and snoring. Jaypaw could hear her paws twitching against the moss as she dreamed. *Good,* he thought, *she won't notice me leave.* His chest fluttered as he remembered a few nights ago.

Jaypaw and Krestlepaw had somehow become close friends, and Jaypaw accidentally mentioned the prophecy on the way back from moonpool. Before they departed, Krestlepaw said he wanted to meet him by the island. Jaypaw agreed. *Why did I do that?* The apprentice arched his back as he stretched. He wondered what Krestlepaw wanted from him. Just to talk about? But why meet in secret? Despite his doubts, Jaypaw couldn't get rid of his excitement. He'd snuck out plenty of times with his siblings, but this was different. He couldn't tell his siblings about it. Warmth suddenly spread from his stomach to his chest. Krestlepaw was different.

Jaypaw crept out of the medicine den. He listened to the camp, in the warriors den his siblings and everyone else was fast asleep. Millie and Daisy were murmuring in the nursery. The apprentice den was silent. Berrynose was asleep by the thorn tunnel, Jaypaw realized with a snort of disgust. He could walk out of camp and no one would notice. But he shouldn't take a chance, Jaypaw decided, and went out through the dirt place.

The forest smelled like rain. Crickets chirped from the bushes, and occasionally a drop of water would fall off a fern and onto Jaypaw's pelt. He shook himself and quickened his pace toward the lake. Would he have time to visit the stick? *Probably not.* He sighed to himself. Why couldn't Krestlepaw meet him by the stream? There was a bigger risk of getting caught if he had to go all the way to the island. Next time he would ask to meet closer to the border. Jaypaws heart suddenly jumped. Next time? Was he mousebrained? He wasn't going to meet Krestlepaw again. Jaypaw

swerved over a tree, almost crashing into it. Thinking about Krestlepaw always distracted him.

Jaypaw's feet felt the pebbles of the lake. He heart began to beat faster. Why was it such a big deal to him? He did stuff like this all the time. *Because it's Krestlepaw.* He told himself silently.

Jaypaw scented rotting wood. He must be by the half bridge, he was almost there. The pebbles were so cold his paws hurt, and his eyes were heavy. Whatever Krestlepaw wanted, making him come all the way out there, it had better be worth it. Jaypaw sniffed the air again, only to be over come by a stench. *Windclan!* He wrinkled his nose. Was it Krestlepaw? His heart skipped a beat. He tasted the air, trying to locate the scent. It wasn't Krestlepaw, he realized in horror. A whole patrol! He scented five cats, all unknown to him except Crowfeather. What was a patrol doing out in the middle of the night?

Jaypaw contemplated going back to camp. But he couldn't just abandoned. He imagined Krestlepaw whining at the gathering next week, "I waited all night for you! Do you always have to be so mean?" Jaypaw's tail bristled. He couldn't do that. Not to Krestlepaw. Jaypaw continued on, hoping the patrol wouldn't notice. Maybe he left to late? Was it already dawn? If he could only see, he would know. Suddenly, a cat slammed into him. Jaypaw hit the ground, the breath knocked out of him. Large, powerful paws held him down. Jaypaw hissed, only for his muzzle to be pushed into the ground. "Don't fight back!" The voice hissed. Jaypaw struggled, shaking himself from side to side frantically. His attacker lost balance and began slipping off. *Yes!* He spit out sand and rocks, then threw his head back and smacked the large tom under his chin, hearing a loud *smack!* Jaypaw dashed out from under him. *If only Lionpaw could see me now!* He thought triumphantly. Before he got very far, teeth fastened onto his tail. His claws dug into the soft pebbles, trying to get his tail free. With an excruciating rip, he was flung foward. He continued pelting across the shore. Where was he going? He realized he was heading away from Thunderclan. The older cats were faster than him, they were definitely going to catch him. *The island!* He realized. He could find Krestlepaw! They would both get into trouble, but atleast he would be safe.

Jaypaw leaped onto the log. He could hear the patrol close behind him. Frantically, he began clawing across. The tree shook as

another cat jumped on. He had to go faster. Suddenly, he felt himself slipping off. His claws helplessly raked the smooth and slippery log. His family wasn't here to safely haul him back. Jaypaw crashed into the freezing water. He flashed back to the tunnels. *Be calm.* He told himself. *Just let yourself float.* But he couldn't. His paws panickly churned the water, trying to swim up. He was too scared to hold his breathe, he could feel his precious breath leaving his body. The freezing water was like millions of pine needles piercing his pelt.

Jaypaw began choking as he tried inhaling water. As he gagged up the water, he would then inhale more. He lungs felt like they were about to burst. His paws were suddenly weaker. His head felt heavy. Jaypaw began to lose consciousness. *This is it. I'm going to die.*

Crowfeather watched, terrified, at the bubbles in the lake. Weaslefur had dived after the apprentice, but they were still under the water. Jaypaw couldn't die. He was to important to the clan. And to him.

Nightcloud pressed herself against Crowfeather. They sat together, pelt to pelt for a few moments. A head rose from the lake. Crowfeather jumped up and bounded to the shore. "Weaslefur! Where is he?" He hissed. The tom was paddling back, something in his mouth, "Right here." His mew was muffled by fur. Crowfeather let his fur lay flat. Weaslefur dragged Jaypaw onto the shore. He looked so small. Crowfeather buried his muzzle into his sons wet fur. He could feel everyone's gaze burning into his pelt. "He's breathing." He announced, embarrassed. He hoped no one could smell his fear scent. "Let's take him back to camp- and *gently!*" He hissed at Dogpelt, who had begun dragging the young cat by his scruff. "He'll be okay." Nightcloud murmured, though he knew she couldn't care less. He padded ahead of her, keeping an eye on Jaypaw. He sighed. He hoped Jaypaw would be happy in Windclan.

Sorry for any typos and spelling errors, I'm writing on a broken keyboard. Also there's going to be some random cats because I don't know who's alive and who's dead in Windclanˆˆ"

Please tell me what you think of Krestlepaw x Jaypaw! If everyone

doesn't like it, I'll abandon the idea, and Jaypaw will just be happy to have a fren < 3
Anyway stay tuned for the next chapters! Just a heads up it's gonna be violent. If you don't like your favorite character being hurt and tortured mentally and physically, please find another amazing fanfic from many different authors! (Don't trigger yourself on purpose luv) If you do... uh, stay?

Also if you want to take your own spin on this feel free to, and tell me I'd love to read it < 333 and suggestions will be appreciated and PLEASE tell me when I make errors